

Magnets by PlusSizeReader

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Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Washing Billy's hair in the shower

Magnets

You and Billy had been dancing around your feelings for each other for as long as you'd known each other.

It was kind of part of your daily routine by this point. You showed up to work, clocked in, complimented the way Hargrove looked in his shorts, then went to stock the concession stand.

Honestly, you didn't even think about it anymore. It was just something that you both did.

You couldn't help it.

Though, it was only a matter of time before your feelings for each other and all the tension you'd built up went somewhere. That was just the nature of forcing your attraction to the side.

Eventually it had to bubble up to the surface.

...And apparently, that day was today.

It was your turn to close up the pool for the night, which included checking all of the facilities to make sure no one was here after hours, then locking everything up.

This was your least favorite part of the job.

You hated having to check the locker rooms alone, especially after everyone had left. It just made you feel like the girl in horror movies that gets chased around for a while before being splattered all over the place.

It wasn't ideal.

However, when you entered the locker room tonight, you weren't met with darkness and silence like you had been expecting. In fact, it was the complete opposite seeing as the overhead lights were on and at least one of the showers was running.

Not that you actually thought someone was here.

Some of the kids around here were assholes and they would leave everything running just because they could, not caring that it was your ass if it didn't get figured out.

"Fucking punks" you groaned, making your way deeper into the large facility, deciding to turn the shower off before the lights so that you didn't have to walk around in pitch black.

It was sketchy enough as is.

"Actually, it's just the one" a voice interrupted, a deep laugh following suit. You jumped at first, really thinking that you were alone but after your heart stopped running laps around your rib cage, you calmed down.

You only calmed down though, because you recognized the voice.

For whatever reason, Billy was here way later than he was supposed to be, even though he wasn't supposed to close until Thursday. You couldn't figure out why he would be here right now.

...Until he pulled back the shower curtain.

"What's up sweets?" he winked, slicking back his hair with one hand, the excess water splattering against the tile floor. It was a bit much for you to take in at once but you tried your best to calm down, keeping your eyes on his face.

The temptation to check him out in all his glory was there but you knew better than to give into him. It was much more fun to play back and forth, which you couldn't do if you gave him the upper hand.

"What the hell are you doing here, Hargrove? I thought you went home" you sighed, still holding your chest in alarm, trying to keep your heart from exploding.

This was way above your pay-grade.

Billy only smiled, looking you up and down with that predatory look he always wore. You almost hated him for being so good-looking, it wasn't fair. Not that you were really complaining at the moment.

“Needed a shower, care to join?” he hummed, laying the charm on thick like he always did.

You literally had to force yourself to shake your head, feeling your resolve melting away with the way he was looking at you. You had to stand your ground in this whole thing.

For all you knew, if Billy got his way, he would probably get bored of you.

“I’m actually clean but it looks like you could use some help. I think you missed a spot” you grinned, gesturing to his form. You were clearly teasing but that was all the permission Billy needed to grab your wrist and yank you into the shower with him.

The action made your shriek out of surprise but Billy was quick to mask it with a kiss.

As far as first kisses went, it was amazing. You had never experienced anything like it, and you weren’t sure what to do at first. It was like the movies always said, talking about fireworks as soon as your lips met.

Not that you could focus on that with the combination of things happening. One of Billy’s hands was on your hip, fiddling lightly with the fabric of your red lifeguard’s shorts while the other was bracing the side of your neck. Not to mention the water cascading over the two of you.

It was sensory overload in the best way.

When you finally pulled away, you felt like there were a million bees just swarming around in your brain, making it impossible to think. Though, the look in Billy’s eyes when he looked at you brought you out of it.

“You need help with that?” you wondered, your voice quivering slightly as you reached for the shampoo bottle on the wall, right behind his frame.

Billy smiled again, watching you reach by him to grab it, careful not to touch his wet skin as you moved past him. You were so cute,

acting like you had no idea where this had come from.

You two had been playing this game since you met and it was only a matter of time before you got together and admitted it.

...You were magnets, fighting an attraction that you couldn't help but feel. This had never been up to you in the first place, it was simple chemistry.

Billy didn't need help washing his hair, in fact. He had been doing it for quite some time unassisted but he wasn't about to stop you. He had been waiting to have you this close for a long time and nothing was going to ruin it.

Besides, as soon as your hands found their way into his hair, the man practically melted into your touch. It wasn't even all sexual, surprising him, more than anything, it just felt intimate.

Right now, you were closer to him than you had ever been and he could hardly stand it.

There was something so comforting about your touch, something he couldn't handle. "I always wanted to see what these curls would look like wet" you hummed, your voice just below a whisper.

You two were alone but it just didn't seem appropriate to talk loudly in this closed quarters. There was hardly a couple inches between your two bodies, so your normal speaking voice wouldn't do it.

"Happy to oblige" Billy tried, his normally confident facade slipping ever so slightly when you moved your hands to his scalp, massaging the shampoo into the root.

Billy had decided, in that moment, that he would never have anyone else wash his hair but you. It was a closeness and connection that he'd never felt and he couldn't just give it up now.

...But, all at once, you were finished, turning the water off regrettably. If it was up to you, you would have stayed this close to Billy for the rest of your life, but you couldn't.

You still had to lock up the concession stand.

Billy huffed when you turned to leave the stall, finding it hard to believe that you would just leave him after that but before he could throw a fit, you turned around with a grin gracing your plump lips.

“I’ve gotta finish locking up. Get dressed and you can drive me home” you winked, an extra skip in your step as you made your way out of the locker room, trailing water the whole way there.

This was gonna be fun.